

CXXXVII.

# The Whigs Drown'd

IN AN HONEST

# TORY-HEALTH.

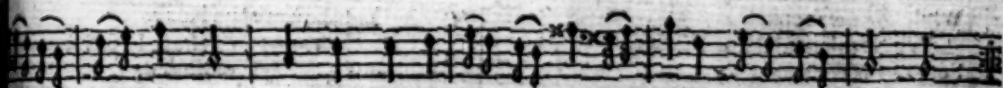
*To a pleasant Tune.*



Health breeds Care; Love, Hope & Fear; What does Love or Bus'ness here, while Bacchus's



every doth appear? Fight, Fight on, and fear not sinking. Fill it brisk-ly to the Brim, till the



ring Top-sails swim, We owe the first Discov'ry to Him of this great World of Drinking.

II.

grave Cabals, who States Refine,  
 Single their Debates with Wine;  
 Loves and the God o'th' Vine  
 Make every great Commander:  
 Let sober Sots small Beer subdue,  
 The Wife and Valiant WINE do woe;  
 The Staggarite had the Honour too  
 To be Drunk with Alexander.

III.

Stand to your Arms! and now advance  
 A health to the English King o' France,  
 And to the next o' Boom Esprance  
 By Bacchus and Apollo:  
 Thus in State I lead the Van;  
 Fall in your place by the Right-hand-man!  
 Beat Drum! march on! dub a dub, ran dan!  
 He's a Whig that will not allow.

IV.

Face about to the Right again,  
 Britains Admiral o' the Main,  
 YORK, and His Illustrious Train  
 Crown the days Conclusion:  
 But a Halter stop his Throat  
 Who brought in the oremost Vote,  
 And to all that did promote  
 The Mystery of Exclusion.

V.

Next, to Denmark's War-like Prince  
 Let the following Health commence;  
 To the Nymph whose Influence  
 Brought the Hero hither:  
 May their Race the Tribe annoy,  
 Who the Grandfire would destroy,  
 And get every year a Boy  
 Whilst They are together.

VI.

To the ROYAL FAMILY  
 Let us close in Bumpers Three;  
 May the Ax and Halter be  
 The Pledge o' every Roundhead:  
 To all Loyal Hearts pursue,  
 Who to the MONARCH dare prove true;  
 But or Him they call True blew,  
 Let him be conounded.

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